

I Want To See (All of You) by Disdaidal

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Summary:

"Don't ever call yourself a monster. Ever. Gosh, Billy, you're beautiful. So fucking beautiful. So fucking gorgeous. You have no idea how much I want to see you. All of you. I want to touch all of you. Taste all of you. I've wanted it for so long and I won't let you push me away again. Because you're not a monster, Billy Hargrove, nor will you ever be."

I Want To See (All of You)

Author's Note:

Based on a Tumblr ask that was sent to me a while ago.

Almost one year after Starcourt, Billy and Steve are in love and going steady, but Billy still refuses to take his shirt off in front of Steve.

For someone who used to be pretty much allergic to buttoning up shirts (let alone wearing one), it's almost like Billy's become a mere shadow of his former himself.

Of course, Steve knows why. While he also fought the Mind Flayer, Billy still got it way worse. He was stabbed seven times – *seven fucking times* – by that giant, disgusting monster, and nearly died. Carrying deep scars, both mental and physical, for the rest of his life.

So, Steve doesn't want to push Billy. Doesn't want to force him into anything that makes him feel uncomfortable. Even when Steve *needs, yearns, desires* to do certain things with Billy, he still holds himself back. Well, he usually does.

Treading carefully around the blond man like he's going to break at any given minute. Shatter into millions of pieces.

And Steve's fine with it. *Mostly*. He can wait, he can give Billy the space that he needs. He can push his own needs back and control himself because, well, he doesn't want to seem like he's actually *desperate and needy*.

Because he doesn't want to be annoying and stupid. Because that's what everybody always told him.

But the thing is, they've been going out for a while now, and *Steve's ready*.

He's more than ready to take the next step in their relationship.

Hell, he's been ready for ages now.

However, every time he tries to take one step further, Billy freezes and practically forces him to take two steps back.

Like last week.

They were making out on Steve's bed. Passionately, heavily, laying open-mouthed kisses on each other, hands traveling in each other's hair. Steve on top of Billy, slotted between his legs, Billy's thick thighs wrapped around his waist. Moans soft and deep as Steve kept showering Billy with kisses and praises, calling him *sexy* and *gorgeous*, then proceeded with sliding himself further down on Billy's body. Trying to lift his shirt and get a peek of what used to be golden, sun-kissed skin, defined abs and pecs, and pink nipples that were always hard - so he could simply put his mouth on them.

Show his lover how much he adored him and his body. And the things that he could and show Billy, because he'd had had a lot of experience with high school girls, after all. Wanting to make Billy feel so good. See him in bliss.

But the moment his long fingers had reached the hem of Billy's shirt and tried to lift it, Billy had instantly frozen and quickly pushed him off. Looking panicked, with quickened breathing as he had bolted out of Steve's bed and made his way towards the door.

Steve had managed to stop him before he could leave. Putting one of his arms around Billy's shoulders and then sat him down onto the bed. Apologizing to him so many times that he must've sounded ridiculous and then promising him that he wouldn't do it again.

Sometimes Billy didn't even listen to him. He just ran away, like a spooked animal. Like he was absolutely terrified. Leaving Steve behind, worried and in pain, making Steve think that he'd fucked up but at the same time, also feeling like he shouldn't have had felt guilty about it.

He shouldn't have felt guilty about wanting his boyfriend.

And well, they'd had sex already. Multiple times. Oral sex and hand

jobs, some fingering too. They'd talked about anal sex too but hadn't gotten that far yet. But getting Billy shirtless (because Steve wanted to see all of him when they would make love for the first time) was strictly off the limits and guaranteed to make Billy run away faster than Steve could say *'I'm sorry'*.

Consequently, Steve is growing desperate. He really wants to see Billy. *All of him.*

Because Billy is *beautiful*.

Even with the scars, Steve is sure of that. He doesn't want him to hide or be ashamed of himself.

So, one Saturday, Steve finally decides to take the bull by the horns and make his first move. They're already making out, hot and heavy on Steve's bed again, and Steve's mouthing on Billy's neck. His fingers are rubbing across Billy's shoulders, then along his pecs – making the blond man arch into his touch and release a shuddery breath because his nipples are hard and sensitive even through the shirt - and it always makes Steve smile.

He pushes his tongue deeper into Billy's mouth, like he's fucking him deep but with his mouth, earning a muffled moan from the blonde who begins sucking around his tongue, and it goes straight to Steve's dick. Followed by Steve's fingers tugging at the lapels of Billy's shirt, ready to unbutton.

Only to have Billy break off the kiss and turn his head, blue eyes and ridiculously long eyelashes fluttering almost drunkenly as he's rapidly coming out of his high. "Steve." He warns the other man. With a voice so low and raspy that it sounds dangerous, but also so incredibly hot and sexy at the same time.

Steve wants to fuck Billy so bad. He wants to feel his boyfriend, raw and bare. With nothing else between them.

"Wanna take your shirt off, Billy."

He needs this. He needs to see Billy now.

"No."

And he knows that Billy could be dangerous. *Is dangerous*, if you push him too far.

“Please.”

Billy’s scrunching his eyebrows and he’s biting his lower lip hard. Steve’s sure he could make it bleed if he bit it hard enough. Which is something that he doesn’t want – doesn’t want Billy to hurt himself any further.

But Steve’s not willing to back down anymore.

He’s willing to take the risk. *Whatever it takes.*

“Please. *Please.* Let me see you, Billy.”

And Billy hates it when Steve begs like that. He almost hates that slight whine and pout in his voice, whenever Steve’s not getting something he wants. It feels almost manipulative because Billy nearly always falls for it.

His fingers are digging into his own palms and he’s ready to bolt again. Because he can’t let Steve see. Of what he’s become. *How ugly he’s become.* A mere shadow of what he used to be.

Painted with deep, ugly scars. All over his upper body. That he used to be proud of, used to walk shirtless all the time. And now he’s trying to cover it up, hide himself.

Because Steve would never love him like this. He wouldn’t.

“S-stop... I...” He squeezes his eyes shut and clenches his jaw. His body tense and his breathing heavy with increasing anxiety. “*I’m a monster.*”

Billy’s voice trembles because he fights so hard to keep his emotions under control. All he wants to do is grab from Steve’s hands and push them away from him. Push the brunet away from him too, because he doesn’t want to look into those big, beautiful eyes and regret everything he’s done.

And Steve feels his heart sink at his words again.

Not because Billy had said no. Even if that hurt him too, he hadn't expected anything more.

His heart sank because Billy had called himself *a monster*.

It makes Steve scoff and straddle the other man. He pins Billy down with his own weight and searches for his hands, taking them in his own.

“Billy. Look at me.”

Billy's throat bobs as he swallows nervously. His eyes become shifty and they start wandering around the room – everywhere except Steve's eyes. His jaw clenches again as his throat begins to constrict even more, his eyes becoming glossy with sudden wetness.

He's going to fucking cry and he doesn't want to.

He's about to push Steve away again and run away, like a coward. *Like a fucking coward that he's always been.* But then Steve's grabbing around his wrists and pinning them above his head. Not roughly, not hurting but enough to hold him down. And just about enough for Billy to resist and break free.

But Billy's not. *Resisting Steve.*

He keeps fighting back those cursed tears that keep threatening to spill out of his eyes as Steve repeats his plea. His voice so soft and caring and so fucking gentle, *like Steve actually cares about him.* Like they were never rivals to begin with, like they never even fought before or beat each other up; *like Billy's actually worth it.*

Billy had never expected this. He hadn't asked for this. He'd never expected Steve to even look at him, no matter how hard Billy had crushed on him back in high school. No matter how annoying Billy had been, no matter how much Billy had pushed him.

He had never asked Steve *to love him. To look after him.* After everything that had happened between them; after everything he's done.

Maybe Steve didn't even love him. Maybe he just pitied Billy because

King Steve truly had a heart of gold. Or maybe he was still heartbroken over Nancy and needed someone to replace her. Even someone as desperate and annoying as Billy – willing to *do anything* just to have Steve looking at him even once.

Or maybe after all this time, Steve still had delusions of the old Billy Hargrove. Tough, confident, popular with girls, *shredded*.

And now he's going to be gravely disappointed. Discovering that Billy wasn't that guy anymore.

Just a puppet to the Mind Flayer. Just a looming shadow of Neil Hargrove. Waiting to burst at the seams, show his true form.

Steve lets go of one of his wrists and brings a hand down on his cheek. Forcing Billy to look at him as he stares down at him sternly.

"Don't ever call yourself a monster. *Ever*. Gosh, Billy, you're beautiful. *So fucking beautiful*. So fucking gorgeous. You have no idea how much I want to see you. *All of you*. I want to touch all of you. Taste all of you. I've wanted it for so long and I won't let you push me away again. *Because you're not a monster*, Billy Hargrove, nor will you ever be."

Billy's eyes nervously shift away but Steve's other hand lands on his right cheek too, cupping his face with both hands. Forcing eye contact between them. "I won't let you push me away again. I can't take it, Billy. It hurts me too."

With those words, Billy's lower lip begins to tremble again, and his throat almost hurts from trying to hold back his sobs. He really wants to hate Steve for making him go through this. Asking him to expose himself like this - show *his vulnerability*. Something that Neil had always despised him for.

But he finds himself giving a small nod before he can stop himself. Then squeezing his eyes shut and feeling the wetness flow down his cheeks as Steve finally lets his wrists go. A small sob escapes his lips as Steve's fingers find the hem of his shirt and begin to slide his shirt up.

Exposing his stomach, ribs, and chest. All the parts of him that were badly damaged at the battle of Starcourt.

“Gosh, Billy.” Steve mouths as his dark eyes slowly scan over the huge, pale, star-shaped scars across Billy’s chest and ribs. The other man’s stomach clenching lightly under Steve’s scrutiny, trying to fold his arms over his upper body and squirm away.

But Steve’s hands are back on him again, pinning his shoulders against the mattress. “Don’t,” he warned Billy, his eyes stern again. “Don’t cover yourself, please. I want to look at you.”

Billy wants to argue. He wants to call himself an ugly monster again and push Steve off, like he always does. He wants to escape and never show himself again. He never wants to expose himself like this again because he was foolish enough to think somebody could love him like this.

That somebody could ever look at him fondly and not feel a pinch of disgust in their heart.

So, Billy’s totally taken aback when Steve does something unexpected. Something that Billy could never have anticipated.

Steve leans down and actually presses a kiss on his chest.

Right in the middle, over his sternum, where his biggest scar is located.

The one where the Mind Flayer had struck the hardest. The killing blow that was supposed to kill him but *didn’t*.

Another sob escapes Billy’s lips, his breath shuddering. Tears begin to flow more openly, the harder he tries to prevent himself from crying.

But he can’t stop it.

Not when Steve holds him down like this and proceeds with planting more kisses on his damaged upper body. Making sure that those warm, soft lips caress each and every one of his scars, almost like he’s trying to trace their individual shapes. Something that should absolutely disgust him, but doesn’t.

Not when Steve suddenly looks up at him with those big hazel eyes of his and whispers:

"I love you, Billy."

Billy can't take it anymore. He struggles to get free from Steve's grip, which is firm and almost harsher than before. But he manages to break free and earns another crushed look from Steve.

He reaches below Steve's arms and wraps his arms around his back, pulling him into a kiss that is full of desperation, love, and desire. Their mouths colliding with some teeth, and soft, muffled moans escaping from their lips as they're kissing each other like their lives depend on it.

"I love you too, Steve."

Steve pulls back far too soon, earning a soft whimper from Billy, at the loss of contact. He rests his forehead against the other man's and his fingers begin caressing Billy's cheek. And he can't stop himself smiling because he's in love, *so in love*. Bedazzled that Billy finally let him *see* and let him kiss there, and now he wants nothing more than kiss him even more.

Make love to Billy. Make him see stars. Just... *devour him*.

"What's so funny?"

Steve's smile only widens. His thumb still caresses Billy's cheek.

"Nothing, babe. Was just thinking about how badass you look with those scars. *So fucking hot.*"

"That so?"

"Yeah," Steve mumbles and lifts his head to look into Billy's eyes. He brings his fingers down on Billy's chin and tilts his face up. "I could eat you up. *And out.*"

He adores the way the light blush gathers around Billy's freckles. The blonde tries to look hard and tough, but Steve can hear him swallow slowly. And see how Billy's pupils widen at his simple offer.

"Then what are you waiting for?"

Author's Note:

Comments are appreciated :)